Patriotic Duty of Every Resident of District to Vote for Commissioner.

Every good American is, or should be, interested in the officials who control the destinies of nation, state and municipality.

The Washington Times, realizing that people of the District of Columbia desire to place themselves on record for choice of Commissioner, today presents the opportunity to vote for one of the nominees for this office.

The Times places this referendum before the people merely as a matter of public service. All expenses will be defrayed by this paper. No candidates, or friends of candidates, will be permitted to have any official part in the referendum. (In this connection, members of The Times staff who have been nominated wish to thank their friends for the compliment, but cannot permit their names to appear in the list.)

The Times has no choice for the Commissionership. No candidate will receive favors not accorded other candidates under like circumstances. Every precaution is taken to insure against prejudice of any kind.

The Vote Editor and his immediate assistants have been sworn to preserve inviolate the names of voters. The privacy of the ballot, as an American institution, will be maintained as far as it is possible.

The ballot slip appears each day in The Times until Thursday. Votes must reach the Vote Editor by Friday, at 1 o'clock p. m. The final count will then be made, and the results made known in The Times, Sunday, September 5.

Balloting yesterday was expected to be very light. However, the first mail this morning brought a deluge of letters, and the Vote Editor had to immediately swear in assistants to aid in establishing the order of nominees today.

The leaders in the list today are men and women of proved integrity and public spiritedness. Let us hope the leaders at the end of the balloting will be of as high character and reputation.

The list will be certified to the President of the United States for consideration immediately after announcement of the results. The Times is assured that he will give serious consideration to the list, in choosing the next Commissioner of the District.

The leader in the list today may not be the leader tomorrow. If you have nominated a friend, it is your duty to see that he makes a good showing. Get out and hustle for your man. Do it today.

Vote early. Don't wait until Thursday. Hustle now and rest later.

## Votes For Washington

Congressman Harold Knutson, of Minnesota, heartily favors the enfranchisement of the District of Columbia. "On general principles," he says, "every American,

men and women, should have a voice in the Government. It is not right that nearly half a million people in the District of Columbia have no voice in their National or local government.

"People generally throughout the United States do not know that the National Capital is totally disfranchised. This is not right and must be corrected by Congress.

"I favor local self-government in its fullest meaning for the disfranchised people of the District. The December session should pass the



local suffrage bills that are now being drafted by the National Press Committee for D. C. suffrage. I have no doubt these bills have a good chance of passage at the December session, because I understand a majority of House and Senate have expressed themselves as favorable to some form of local government for the District.

"A constitutional amendment is too cumbersome and too difficult to obtain at this time. If local suffrage is granted the District, the representation in Congress can be obtained later. The first thing to do, in my opinion, is to give Washingtonians a voice in their local affairs."

### **Once-Overs**

LOSE YOUR PEP AND YOU LOSE YOUR PUNCH.

Don't let your enthusiasm die. When you cannot enthuse over a piece of work well done, an ac-

complishment for your department, the success of your family or friends in any particular you are sliding into the has-been class. You find yourself looking down on the enthusiastic one as inexper-

ienced, and so you become cynical and hardened. Or perhaps you have not recognized the fact in yourself that you are getting slower to stir to action, slower to rouse to anything like pep in your work.

It is past experience which should keep you a top-notcher. It is past experience which should show you the way to pass

It is past experience which should teach you to appreciate at its full value the good things which you find in others. Don't let achievement belong to your past.

It takes enthusiasm to put anything worth while over-far enough over so it cannot be ditched.

Whatever you do, keep interest and enthusiasm by gaining inspiration from the source which will help you most. Don't be a dead one. Enthusiasm rests you-laggering tires you-so lighten up, brighten up and go to it.

Cox's Army

By T. E. POWERS



# **Beatrice Fairfax**

Love.

ATELY I have come to know a man of forty-five who complains of how lonely the past few years have been for him. I find that when he was young he always went about with married women. Now, won't you write an article about how foolish this is and please add a word to the women who take a young fellow's time in this way, claiming they are not harming anyone. But I notice they tell fellows how foolish they would be to get married and face the problems of the high cost of living."

This suggestion came to me from a girl who signs herself "Alice," and it was followed a few letters further along in the same mail by one from "B. R. C.," who registers a similar plea.

"Won't you try to do something for me? I'm very unhappy because I've lost the affections of the man I really care for deeply. I might be unselfish enough to let him go cheerfully if I thought he had gone to someone who was making his life better than I could. But when I realize that he is now what they call an 'M. W. P.'-which means 'Married Women's Pet'-and that he has been taken from me by a woman who isn't going to marry him and make a home for him, I get bitter. The woman in the case has an automobile and a nice home. She can call for my friend and drive him home to a fine supper, with all his favorite dishes. She is bold enough to make a fuss over him in many ways. So perhaps you can't blame him for turning to her from a girl he'd have to spend money on instead of getting attentions from." Not blame him? Perhaps not. Neither do I blame a lap dog for fastidiously consuming the dainties which are offered him, and for lolling back superciliously against the cushions of the car in which his mistress takes him to ride on sunny afternoons. But I don't admire lap-dogs and I have an intense respect for-rat-terriers.
Of course, the modern married

woman, with her restlessness, her unfulfilled dreams, her empty hours and her empty cradles, has a way of finding plenty of mischief for her very idle hands to do. I condemn her—but I pity her, too. She's missing the real meaning of her womanhood. She's missing the chance to make a home and to make her man happy. She's failing to know the joys of service. She's a para-site—non-contributor to the world off which she lives. She consumed and doesn't produce. She's deadwaste. But all that is rather pa-

There's no happiness in rushing around feverishly in search amusement. There's no peace of mind gained by killing time. There's no deep and lasting satisfaction in utterly selfish gayeties which don't do anything more pur-poseful than get rid of a few

The woman who is driven to the drugging effect of mere substitutes for living is a pathetic figure. She

THEY ASKED of me. OVER AT the garage. IF I wouldn't write. WHERE I keep my car. AND PUT it here. THERE ARE other cars. OF LUCKY folk. THAT TOMMY was wed. AND WHAT could I do? WHO HAVE money enough TO KEEP chauffeurs. AND THERE'S eight of them. OR MAYBE ten. AND I will say. THEY'RE A kindly lot. FOR MANY a time. THEY HAVE rescued me. WHEN I'VE been lost. IN THE maze of things. BENEATH THE hood. OF MY Willys Six. AND I like them all. AND WE are friends. AND IN the months. THAT I'VE been there. THEY'VE ASKED nothing. THAT I do for them. UNTIL YESTERDAY. WHEN THEY came to me. TO LET me know. THAT ONE of them. WHO IS Tommy by name. HAD JUST been married. ON THE day before.

growths of our feverish today. We don't like her. We don't respect her. We can't feel that she has any real importance in the world. She's a highly colored, over-dressed

AND ALL in a crowd.

weed-poison weed at that. Then how about the young weak-ling who lives off her and fattens emotionally as well as in terms of accepting the advantages of the wealth and position she gets from Our reactions in regard to him are

likely to take the form of wanting to kick him around the block! If he's twenty, we say "poor young fool!" and want to rescue him from the poison ivy that's starting to cling to him. If he's twenty-five we feel that he ought to know better and that he's as much to blame as the spineless but gayety-mad creature who's using him for her own selfish and worthless pleasures. But when he's thirty-a man grownwe get a new set of impressions of faults, knowing that they won't

AND I said I would. AND HARRY suggested. I MAKE it read. AS THOUGH Tommy bad died. AND ASHLEY suggested. I KID him a bit.

BUT I haven't the heart. TO DO these things. SO I'LL put it down. THAT WE all are glad. MY CHAUFFEUR friends. AND MY humble self. THAT TOMMY has wed. AND WE all of us hope. THAT THE road he's on. WILL BE always good. WITH NO detours. AND WHATEVER the hills.

HE'LL TAKE them on high. AND WHEN he's through. AND HIS tour is done. HE MAY look back. AND SAY to himself: "THAT WAS some trip." I THANK you.

the male creature who is contented to be called a Married Woman's Pet. We know he doesn't amount to much. We know he wouldn't make any kind of a husband. He wants waiting on and babying. He likes being catered to and flattered. But worse than this-he doesn't want to pay his way. He likes being supported-by a woman.

The man who philanders with

married woman isn't letting himself in for much responsibility. He isn't going to find himself wedded and the head of a house before he knows "He is going to be used by woman who will stop inside the fence of discretion. She won't entangle him. She isn't going to be a responsibility to him. In his heart of hearts the "Pet" knows he is going to get rid of his lady some day. She's glad to have a cavalieranything to stir her emotionally and beau her about. She'll cater to his weaknesses and laugh at his

## MR. B. BAER

WHERE THEY STAND. Now that they've got it, Mr

Now that it's here, Mr. Cox is for moderate drinking in habitforming quantities.

Harding is for the people, of the people and buy the people.

In order to get votes, Mr. Cox will not spend a nickel-of his own. Harding chirps he will go through this election like a clown through a paper hoop.

Cox buzzes that he thinks the best man will win, but hasn't given

Harding is a friend of the work-

Cox is also a friend of the work-That's two friends the workingman thinks he's got.

When the workingman pulls a strike, he can count all his friends up on the hairs on a wooden leg.

Harding isn't sure whether he is for or agin the League of Nations. He thinks it's both.

Cox is for the league, lock, stock and barrel. The Democrats want the mandate over Cuba. League of Nations idea is a whale. A whale is something that Simon went fishing for in a bucket.

Neither candidate would say anything on the question of marriage being a success. They say that's for the married folks to fight out. Harding says the American

people are being coddled too much. Childs' restaurants won't even let em butter their own bread.

'Cox is also for the people, of the people and buy the people. \_ Both boys' records are as clean as a cannibal's tooth. Their coun-

try is paging them. Each man is a

Each man is a credit to his State. That's what we need now.

credit to his country.

cost her anything. She doesn't have to live with them. She has only to keep her Pet so interested and amused and well fed and keyed up emotionally, that he feels no need for the roots and substance of marriage and home.

The married woman who philanders with young men is a thief of some other woman's happiness. She's' a canker at the roots of society and its foundation-home. What worse is there to be said of the man with whom she amuses

herself? Why, that he's willing to be the 'Pet" of a creature like that. That he is a man in theory—and a wom-an's toy in reality. That he hasn't the stamina and strength and courage to build him a house of dreams, but that he has to sneak like a thief into another man's home. The Married Woman's Pet strikes

me as being blood brother to the horned toad and the bat. Beyond this one doesn't go-in print.

### Rigid Inspection of Fire-Escapes **Should Be Made**

By BILL PRICE.

A rotten rope cable holding the lower flight of a Washington fire escape broke, and a painter thereon fell to his death. This was on a large building in the center of the city in which hundreds of Government workers and others are employed. If they had been compelled to use that fire escape in an emergency the outcome might have been a catastrophe of horrifying proportions.

Washington is no longer a little city. Its large buildings are filled to floor capacities, both for office and residential purposes. Human life should be made safe at all times. If old or new buildings are not properly equipped with fire escapes, or if there is the least doubt as to the usefulness and safety of those now installed, municipal authorities should lose no time in compelling rigid adherence to the laws and regulations. The only way to determine this absolute safety is by close inspection, which should not be delayed.

A fire-escape inspector in the office of the building inspector of the District Building is charged with the duty of seeing that buildings of certain size and use are equipped with these life-saving devices, but the inspection of safety equipment in buildings comes under the Fire Marshal, whose inspector is presumed to report to the building inspector regarding repairs or alterations. Wherever the duty belongs to safeguard Washington lives it should be performed, and the law applied to delinquents.

Culpability of property owners can not be overlooked by municipal officials. The law should be enforced and the responsibilities of city officials lived up to.

was so young and shy And for a naughty look She would cover up the

Bird cage at night for fear The bird would peep.

She would blush if the Waiter brought the salad in Now she spends evenings on

F street, and to the cake eaters She will cling She wears furs in August, Roll top stockings,

N'everything. JOHN B. McCARTHY, recently retired from the Government service, writes from Davenport, Iowa, hat he's on his way to California, and may decide to "grow up in the West." Then he adds: "I greatly

miss H and S, its entertainment and philosophy. Searching for new types among

so-called male vamps of Washington, I ran across one who sits on his foot like a girl. It was on a street car, and I was about ready to croak after seeing it. You know how a girl sits down and pulls one leg up unde W. L. H.

A young woman in the Munsey building has been serving sandwiches to her associates. One man quivered thusly after titillating his pesophagus with the dainty:

Miss B. I'd like to tell you
How well I liked your sanguich,
But when I try to do it
I haven't got the languich.

What must be the sensations Terrible Terry, the Cheese Mite, upon being transferred his spacious ancestral from halls in a Swiss cheese to his new quarters in an Old Lim-J. S. E.

burger? WE WILL ALL FEEL SORRY FOR THIS POOR COMRADE.

Dear Old Bill: Troubles I'm having plenty. First, a vacationist came to Washington from another city, and now he has my girl writing to him.

Next. I was out with a tame and modest girl who wouldn't think of wearing hosettes. She fell and tore the knees of her good silk stockings, being forced to "roll" 'em down."

Thirdly, I went to my girl's house to take her out. I had to hold her baby sister while my girl was dressing. That kid had been eating jelly cake and smeared her jelly hands all over the front of my best white shirt. I was far from home. I bought a shirt in a small shop, ran up an alley and put it on.

SAM ALLEN says the Department of Justice can not begin an investigation of restaurant and some other prices in Washington any too soon to suit him.

HIS PRAYERS.

Last night I went to see a film about a girl who was shanghaied by wicked men, but came a man who rescued her, then married her with her consent, and all was well. In front of me there sat two girls, and one of them had seen the film and told her friend just how it all was going to be. And NEXT to me one-half a note off of the key.

And then I prayed that this chap would shanghai the dame, who'd marry him 'gainst his consent. And all would end unhappily.

INDIAN NAMES. M. C. R., a Census clerk, has found

these names in a county list he's vorking upon:

Tail; Emma Two Belly: Sampson Bird Ground; Jack He Can Do It; Shot in the Nose; Does Everything; Emma Runs Between; Bear Ground; Bull Tongue: Good Bread: Henry Pretty on Top: John Left Hand:

Everybody is going to vote in No-District. We are like plucked geese making some sacrifice in return. in January. PHILIP EBERT. KENNETH H. REAL

FOR WHOM IT FITS. Pops take a world of pains
To prove that bodies can exist sans brains;
The former so faptastically

The former so fantastically dress'd.

The latter's absence may be safely guessed.

PARK BENJAMIN. Nay the ladies, I vow
I cannot tell how,
re now white as curd and now red.
Law how would you stare
At their huge crop of hair,
a haycock o' top of their head!
DAVID GARRICK.

WHY BOYS LIKE 'EM. In the big mail of today were twe etters. One was signed by "B. G. and A. S.," and was very earnest in asking the "fellers" to "give us girls a

decision" on these things: "Do you go with girls for their good looks or their dress? you like them a bit younger than you are? Do you prefer them a bit taller or a bit shorter than you?" questions it would take volumes to answer.

The other letter was from a young man. It was:

"My best girl, when I was a boy in a country school, had warts all over her hands and freckles on her face. Her memory haunts me still. So I'm hunting a gfrl wouldnt care if she had a wart on her nose, too, but warts there must be.

MILO'S ANSWER.

EDNA and LILLIAN seem to think H and S philosophers can answer anything. They are right. Some of the most brilliant young men and women in America contribute to H and S, no one knows why. Well then, dear children, a soap bubble is the same thickness as the campuffage on some girls' faces, and lasts just about as long in a rainstorm. A real soap bubble is thicker at the bottom because it runs down like wet paint. Adios.

MILO H.



This fair lady was drawn on a typewriter by "BINGO."

There was a girl by the name of Rose. Who were the darndest roll top hose. She sat just opposite poor old Mose. Who went stone blind, while watching these.

Always thought that the movies were a little extravagant when they depicted soda-jerkers combing their hair at the fountain mirror until I saw the same stunt pulled at a drug-store on a prominent down-town corner!

CLEVER AUTO JAZZ.

After our "Stern Knight" Sir "Allen" "Lafayette" regained consciousness, there was a chap who knew a part of there was a chap who knew a part of every piece the band would play.

He whistled false or hummed along a "Studebaker" named "Franklyn" who he felt slightly "Loco" in his "Regal" lived on the banks of the "Jordan," While he was there he "Metz" some "Olds" sailors from "Lexington," who had been "Crow"-nies of his in "Columbia." They inquired about a "Peerless" "Auburn" haired "American" girl named "Doris" "Stevens" whom he had met in "Oakland." At mention of her name he (g) "Nashed" his teeth and swore by the "Sun" and "Moon" to cut out their "Harts." Rides a Pretty Horse: Thomas Long Finally he admitted that being such a "Roamer" and having a "National" reputation as a "Marathon" "Ram-bler," she had refused to "Grant" his request on the grounds that he was not the "Marion" kind as he loved "Liberty" too well and would not be "Holmes" sufficiently to suit her.

They reminded him that "Apperson" Everybody is going to vote in No-vember except the citizens of the "Premier" "Divie Flyer" without KENNETH H. READ.